

Alone Under the Night Sky

Bret Lundstrom

A lonely horseman glanced at the last light of sunset
Beaten by a long day of riding and grinding
Swayed over a rock cliff side, legs finally off the ground
Slumped over and beaten from riding and running
His horse lay broken and gimp from riding
A constant gallop in fear of a noose
Had strained his friend
He had let him loose
Out over the plains
In fear of that noose
Spurring his sides red
With blood on his heels
He could hear the posse prey
But they scream no more
For want of blood had died
So here they lay in wait for a bit of sun
Only the moon to keep them company for the night
As well as a bit of howling

Stars finally started to pierce sky
Sunlight finally leaving for the day
Constellations unknown to the horseman
Made their way across the horizon
Slowly taking their turn in the sky
Hinting at the horseman's eye
With a slight grin playing at his cheeks
And a cold empty sense of accomplishment
His numb legs began to feel again
His horse whinnying with a shimmer of life
Rest was slightly safer now
He was free for the night

Morning would soon come for him
Along with revenge driven men
Forcing their way across the plain
For men they felt were unjustly slain
Even though he was on his back
He wasn't in the ground

